Wonderful Krsna 1 - Poem

Krsna is so wonderful, it fills my heart with joy
When I think about the pastimes of the most attractive Boy.
His face is nice and blackish, like a fresh cloud of rain,
And what I sing you'll want to hear again and again.
He's Supreme and Absolute, and He comes yuge yuge,
When the demons are on top and irreligion's holding sway
He devastates the demons with His club and His sword,
But the devotees are blissful in their pastimes with the Lord.

Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

In the prison with His father and His mother, Devaki,
He appeared as four-armed Visnu, a glorious sight to see.
In His hands, He held a club, a conch, a disc and lotus flower
And Vasudeva prayed in that most auspicious hour.
Now, although He's Bhagavan and the Source of all that be,
His mother didn't want her brother, Kamsa, to see.
She said, "Become a little baby, for he'll kill You if he can."
So, Krsna had His father take Him off to Vrindavan.

Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

Now, Kamsa was a demon and his friends were demons, too.
"Oh, this Krsna's going to kill us, so whatever shall we do?"
They put their heads together and they made a nasty plan.
"We'll take al the little children and we'll kill them if we can."
But Krsna, He was safe, for He was out of Kamsa's way
And with Nanda and Yasoda as their baby He did play.
His Brother, Balarama, and the cows and everyone,
They were merged in transcendental bliss to see His childish fun.

Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

Putana was Kamsa's friend and she could fly through the air,
And all the sinful ways of killing children she would dare.

She put poison on her breast and made up her mind at once,
That she'd poison Baby Krsna if at all she got the chance.
Now, Yasoda didn't know she was a witch in disguise,
For she was beautifully dressed, with lovely face and lovely eyes.
When Krsna sucked her breast, He sucked out her life as well,
But He kindly sent her Home instead of sending her to hell.

Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

The whirlwind demon came, and he kicked up dust and stones
"Where's Krsna?" cried Yasoda and fell down with piteous groans.
The demon carried baby Krsna high into the sky
But Krsna forced him down, the way he'd break his bones and die.
When Yasoda picked Him up, soon she pacified her mind
And she thanked the Lord above for being so merciful and kind.
She chanted names of Visnu to protect her Child from harm,
But, she didn't know that the very Lord was smiling in her arms.

Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare